manager, and Pierre's team. The team was comprised of half a dozen men and women employed by the asylum to help Pierre adjust to life in the community. That was how they described being a tenant. We were a community. Most tenants understandably preferred to remain in their rooms. Certainly Pierre did, or he would run to the opposite extreme. Literally. He would run away. Caspar was afraid he'd get run over on his shift, and he'd have to write the incident report.

Despite its promising name (it was called an "Impact Team") Pierre's team was to impact what we were to community. That is, nothing at all. The six members took turns marching up the dark-varnished stairs two or three times a day, only to stop and tap politely on Pierre's door before turning away, like they thought they were chamber maids at a spa. Pierre invariably refused to answer, but walking in was unthinkable. Yet so far as they knew he might already have died of starvation and be starting to rot.

Fortunately a relative had deposited a lot of snacks the last time he visited him, only a few days ago. Pierre wasn't starving though he wasn't well nourished either. I knew because, being more concerned about responsibility than etiquette, I admitted myself with the master key and took a look. The immediate problem was hygiene. Pierre was afraid to use the washroom down the hall. His bedding was soiled.